

A  
CHOICE COLLECTION  
OF  
RIDDLES,  
CHARADES, REBUSSES, &c.

CHIEFLY ORIGINAL.

---

BY  
PETER PUZZLEWELL, Esq.

---

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR E. NEWBERRY, CORNER OF ST.

PAUL'S CHURCH-YARD.

1794.

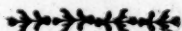
1606/1764

X



---

## INTRODUCTORY ADDRESS.



**F**OR sense, for pleasure, and improvement's  
use,

See, the Enigma every aid produce;  
See, all antiquity its worth proclaim,  
And modern ingenuity the same!  
And first, see Learning, youthful minds invite,  
To drink instruction mix'd with pure delight,  
And smooth the paths to knowledge and the way,  
Where Truth and Virtue shed a brighter ray;  
While to assist them Innocence combines,  
And gay Amusement with complacence shines.  
Here oft the Poet first his pinions tries,  
E'er to the song or loftier ode he'll rise;  
With this the swain oft wakes his infant lay,  
And bids the verse the tender thought convey;  
And darkly does the fair one's name express,  
Her wit, her beauty, or her known address—

And

And hence th' unblushing compliment is paid  
 And thoughts as chaste, by chaster lines di-  
 play'd :

Thus sense and sound in grateful union meet  
 And thus combine the useful and the sweet.

Nor yet the mazy labyrinth appears,  
 A theme unworthy of maturer years :

The Memphian Sages knew its worth confest,  
 And all th' Enigma shone in Joseph's breast,  
 While he unfolded each abstruse decree,  
 That foil'd th' Egyptian vers'd in mystery !  
 Who bade their statues their high value give,  
 And with their Pyramids for ever live.—

To Grecia next, those favour'd sons of art,  
 Their secret knowledge and their skill impart  
 The Sphinx and OEdipus the fact proclaim,  
 And fix their basis on immortal fame.—

Improv'd from these, now modern genius brings  
 His varied plumage on his wide-spread wings ;  
 From science drawn, a deep exhaustless store  
 And novelties to those unknown before !

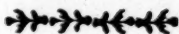
Whatever Art or Nature hath to give,  
 Whate'er the curious ask, or candour can re-  
 ceive.



---

# RIDDLES,

## CHARADES, REBUSSES, &c.



I.

I'M white, black, or blue,

I'm red, grey, or green,

I'm intended to hide

What is meant to be seen;

So supple sometimes that I'd meet at each  
end,

At others so stubborn I'd break ere I bend;

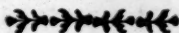
Inflexible like you proud mortals am I,

Till by te tongue soften'd I'm brought to  
comply;

B

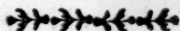
Of

Of prodigal traitors I am an apt token,  
I only exist to be ruin'd and broken.



2

SLAIN to be fav'd with much ado and pain,  
Scatter'd, dispers'd, and gather'd up again ;  
Wither'd when young, sweet yet unper-  
fum'd,  
Carefully laid up to be consum'd.



3.

PM small of body, yet contain  
The extremes of pleasure and of pain ;  
I nor beginning have, nor end,  
More hollow than the falsest friend ;

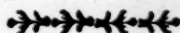
If I entrap some heedless zany,  
 Or in my magic circle any  
 Have enter'd, from my forcery,  
 No power on earth can set them free,  
 At least, all human force is vain,  
 Or less than many hundred men;  
 Tho' endless, yet nor short, nor long,  
 And what tho' I'm so wond'rous strong,  
 The veriest child that's pleas'd to try  
 Might carry fifty such as I.



## 4.

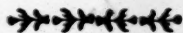
The longest and yet the shortest thing in  
 the world, the swiftest and most slow, the  
 most divisible and the most extended, the  
 least valued and the most regretted, which  
 nothing can be done without, which de-

vours all that is small, and gives life and spirits to every thing that is great.



5.

THERE is a well known word in the English language, the two first letters of which signify a male, the three first a female, the four first a great man, and the whole a great woman.



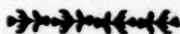
6.

Tho' I dance at a ball,  
Yet I'm nothing at all.

I'M

7.

I'M strong and decisive of myself, but  
when my brother, who is of equal strength,  
comes to my assistance, I am only half as  
strong as I was before.



8.

In a garden was laid  
A most beautiful maid  
As ever was seen in the morn;  
She was made a wife  
The first day of her life,  
And died before she was born.

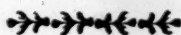
9.

'THERE's a word of two syllables whose  
meaning implies,

What all should abstain from who're pru-  
dent and wise;

The contrast is great, for revers'd it will  
show,

What all men on earth are anxious to do.



10.

I'M double, I'm fingle, I'm good, and I'm  
bad,

As my followers abundantly prove,  
And tho' I am oft by a trick to be had,  
Yet I'm best when I'm gained by  
love;

Tho'

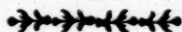


Tho' strange it may seem, I can give to  
the face,

In a moment, a smile or a frown;

And tho' I bring many to shame and disgrace,

Yet I ne'er without honour am known.



## II.

MY delight's in a cottage, tho' not banish'd  
from court,

And oft'nest am found where few people resort;

My mother an artist, a philosopher known,  
To whose labour and skill my existence I  
own;

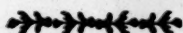
A help to the wounded, and sometimes 'tis  
true,

I effect as great cures as the bark of Peru.

To

To answer my meaning, and add to your  
wonder,

I'm a man and a maid if you cut me asunder.



## 12.

We are little breth'ren twain.  
Arbiters of loss and gain;  
Many to our counters run,  
Some are made and some undone;  
But men find it to their cost,  
Few are made, but numbers lost;  
Tho' we play them tricks for ever,  
Yet they always hope our favour.

BEGOTTEN and born, and dying with  
noise,

The terror of women and pleasure of boys ;  
Like the fiction of poets concerning the  
wind,

I'm chiefly unruly when strongest confin'd.  
For silver and gold I don't trouble my head,  
But all I delight in is pieces of lead ;

Except when I trade with a ship or a town,  
Why then I make pieces of iron go down.

One property more I would have you re-  
mark,

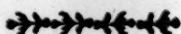
No lady was ever more fond of a spark ;  
The moment I get one my soul's all on fire,  
And I roar out my joy and in transport  
expire.

A WORD

A WORD that's compos'd of three letters  
alone,

And is backward and forward the same;  
Without speaking a word makes its sentiments known,

And to beauty lays principal claim.



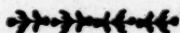
'TIS true I have both face and hands, and  
move before your eye,

Yet when I move my body stands and  
when I stand I lie.

## TO A YOUNG LADY.

MY first and my last may you ever possess,  
 To taste each delight that my whole can  
 bestow,

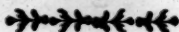
And beauty and innocence all must confess,  
 Deserve well my purest sensations to  
 know.



FORM'D long ago, yet made to-day,  
 I'm most enjoy'd while others sleep;  
 What few would wish to give away,  
 And fewer still would wish to keep.

18.

SEA without water, towns without  
houses, and the earth without inhabitants.



19.

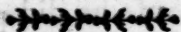
A RIDDLE of riddles that dances and skips  
It deceives with the eyes and cheats with  
the lips ;  
It seldom is seen, yet oftentimes read,  
Is sometimes a feather, but now and then  
lead ;  
If it meets with its match it is happily  
caught,  
But if money can buy it 'tis not worth  
groat.

ALIVE



20.

ALIVE before, dead in the middle, and  
the soul and body follows after.



21.

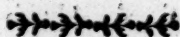
THERE was a great turkey-cock of a great  
price,  
Who got his own living by art and by vice;  
He got his own living a great way from  
home,  
Carry'd legs in his body and walk'd upon  
none.

C

I FROM

I FROM abroad was pris'ner brought,  
But soon the English language taught,  
Which pleas'd my Lord so well ;  
That to his spouse he did present me,  
Who has the best of all things sent me,  
So I in comfort dwell.  
When the sky looks serene and clear,  
Abroad I walk to take the air,  
Observing all that passes ;  
So learning half the tricks in town,  
I make remarks on ev'ry clown,  
And laugh at lads and lasses.  
Where'er I please I call a coach,  
Bold and regardless of reproach,  
Then whistle, sing, and cough ;  
The coachman having teaz'd a while,  
At his simplicity I smile,  
And bid the knave drive off.

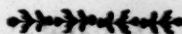
IN me behold the light of human art,  
 Hear what the elements to me impart;  
 My origin I owe to mother earth,  
 Fire was the midwife forwarded my birth;  
 Air gave me wings and added to my voice,  
 And Neptune made me his peculiar choice;  
 To me committed his dominions vast,  
 Love wav'd his sceptre and the fiat past;  
 I took possession without more delay,  
 And hold the liquid empire to this day.



NEITHER a father's son, nor a mother's son, but yet a human child.

25.

ERE Adam was my early days began,  
 I ape each creature and resemble man;  
 I gently pass o'er tops of tender grass,  
 Nor leave the least impression where I pass;  
 I'm seen each day, if not be sure at night,  
 You'll even find me out by candle light.



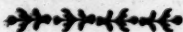
26.

WHEN first my maker form'd me to his  
 mind,  
 He gave me eyes, yet left me dark and blind;  
 He form'd a nose, yet left me without smell;  
 A mouth, but neither voice nor tongue to  
 tell;  
 The world me use, yet oft the fair thro' me  
 Altho' I hide the face do plainly see.

ALTHO

27.

ALTHO' a human shape I wear,  
 I mother never had,  
 And tho' nor sense nor life I share,  
 In finest silks I'm clad:  
 By every Miss I'm valued much,  
 Beloved and highly priz'd,  
 Yet still my cruel fate is such,  
 By boys I am despis'd.

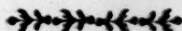


28.

I'M not what I was, but quite the reverse;  
 I am what I was, which is very perverse;  
 From morning till night I do nothing but  
 fret,  
 Because I am not what I never was yet.

29.

THERE was a thing a full month old,  
 When Adam was no more ;  
 But ere that thing was five weeks old,  
 Adam was years five score.



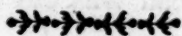
30.

THE brute that's most despis'd by man,  
 Yet does him all the good he can ;  
 Who bore the greatest prince on earth,  
 That gave to Righteousness new birth ;  
 Who sometime does o'er death prevail,  
 And health restore when doctors fail.



31.

MY body's taper'd fine and neat,  
 I've but one eye, am yet complete;  
 You'd judge me by my equipage,  
 The greatest warrior of the age;  
 For if you do survey me round,  
 Nothing but steel is to be found;  
 Yet men I ne'er was known to kill;  
 But ladies blood I often spill.



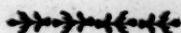
32.

THERE is a well known word in the  
 English language, which by adding a syl-  
 lable to, you will make it shorter.

IT

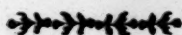
33.

IT foams without anger, it flies without  
wings,  
It cuts without edge, and without tongue  
it sings.



34.

KING Charles walk'd and talk'd, seven  
years after his head was cut off.



35.

I'M the chief of a clan which by God was  
appointed,  
To establish his throne and preserve his  
anointed;

The grandeur observe of my house and at-  
tire,

And tell me what mortal can raise his head  
higher ;

My servants are num'rous, their wages well  
paid,

Who for constant attendance insure future  
aid ;

To all ranks and degrees of mankind I am  
civil,

And do all that I can to deter them from  
evil ;

Nay, those suppliant all who my levee  
attend,

In me find a servant, a father, a friend ;

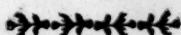
And some who my service and sovereign  
decry'd,

Have liv'd to repent of that crime ere they  
died.

IN

36.

IN spring I look gay,  
 Deck'd in comely array,  
 But in summer more cloathing I wear;  
 When colder it grows,  
 I pull of my cloaths,  
 And in winter quite naked appear.



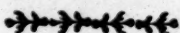
37.

IN ancient times the Scripture doth re-  
 late,  
 A thing without a soul God did create;  
 It liv'd till an immortal soul it got,  
 But when it had it, keep it it could not;  
 When this thing died, we all can tell,  
 It neither went to heaven nor hell.

I DAILY

38.

I DAILY breathe, yet have no life,  
I kindle feuds, yet cause no strife.



39.

EVER eating; never cloying,  
All devouring, all destroying;  
Never finding full repast,  
Till I eat the world at last.



40.

IN a snug little house,  
Without rat or mouse,  
All the night still and quiet I lie;

When

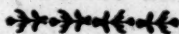
When call'd from my rest,  
 I ready am dress'd,  
 And a bright trim jocky am I.

Light as a robbin  
 Mount I my dobbin  
 Tho' his back be as sharp as a needle;  
 When not in good case,  
 He'll run a swift pace,  
 Yet I ride without hurt to bum-fiddle.

I ne'er court the fair,  
 Nor for them much care,  
 Till to others they give no delight;  
 'Tis then I step in,  
 Their favour to win,  
 And their slave am from morning till night.



Without love's alarms,  
 Embrac'd in my arms,  
 Lost pleasures again I require;  
 And tho' not very strong,  
 With care I last long,  
 And never grow weary or tire.



## 41.

My head and tail both equal are,  
 My middle slender as a bee,  
 Whether I stand on head or heel,  
 'Tis all the same to you or me:  
 But if my head should be cut off,  
 The matter's true, altho' 'tis strange,  
 My head and body sever'd thus,  
 Immediately to nothing change.

D

I WATCH

I WATCH all things near me and far off  
to boot,

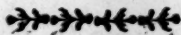
Without stretching a finger or stirring a  
foot;

I take them all in too to add to your won-  
der,

Tho' many, and various, and large, and  
afunder;

Without jostling or crowding they pass side  
by side,

Thro' a wonderful wicket not half an inch  
wide.

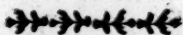


THE moon in full splendour, what  
guides a ship at sea, and what is found in  
every parish, will name a town in Suffex.

HOTWELL

THERE

**THERE** is a piece of English household furniture of a figure not square, flat, nor round; has a certain number of extremities of an equal length, which alternately serve for its top and bottom; and with propriety, in one particular, its name is derived from a certain animal of the quadruped kind.



**SELENA**, Selena, woe unto thee,  
For thou art as dull as a post.\*

\* To be put into rhyme without adding or taking away a letter, or altering the position of the words.

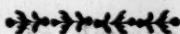
46.

I'M in ev'ry one's way, yet no Christian I  
stop,

My four horns ev'ry day,

Horizontally play,

And my head is nail'd down at the top.



47.

AS walking in a field of wheat,

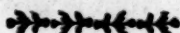
I pick'd up something good to eat;

'Twas neither flesh, fish, fowl, nor bone,

I kept it till it ran alone.

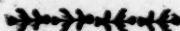
48.

A WORKMAN I am, and make shoes  
without leather,  
With all the four elements mixed together,  
Fire, water, earth, and air,  
And ev'ry customer takes two pair.



49.

THERE was a man went into a wood  
and he caught it, he sat down to get hold  
of it, and because he could not get hold of  
it, he went home with it.



50.

THO' I, alas! a pris'ner be,  
My trade is pris'ners to set free;

No slave his Lord's commands obeys,  
 Wit such insinuating ways;  
 My genius piercing sharp and bright,  
 Wherein the men of wit delight;  
 The clergy keep me for their ease,  
 And turn and wind me as they please;  
 A new and wond'rous art I show,  
 Of raising spirits from below;  
 In scarlet some, and some in white,  
 They rise, walk round, yet never fright;  
 In at each mouth the spirits pass,  
 Distinctly seen as thro' a glass;  
 O'er head and body make a rout,  
 And drive at last all secrets out;  
 And still the more I show my art,  
 The more they open ev'ry heart.  
 A greater chymist none than I,  
 Who from materials hard and dry,  
 Have taught men to extract with skill,  
 More precious juice than from a still:

Although I am often out of case,  
 I'm not ashamed to show my face;  
 Tho' at the tables of the great,  
 I near the sideboard take my seat;  
 Yet the plain 'Squire when dinner's done,  
 Is never pleas'd till I make one,  
 He kindly bids me near him stand,  
 And often takes me by the hand.  
 I twice a day a hunting go,  
 Nor ever fail to seize my foe,  
 And when I have him by the pole,  
 I drag him upwards from the hole;  
 Tho' some are of so stubborn kind,  
 I'm forc'd to leave a limb behind;  
 I hourly wait some fatal end,  
 For I can break, but scorn to bend.



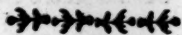
51.

THE beginning of eternity, the end  
space and time,  
The beginning of all ends, and the end  
ev'ry rhyme.



52.

To a place with a steeple, add the time  
when men fight,  
And after them join a place without light.



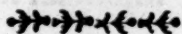
53.

JE suis Capitaine du vingt quatre  
hommes, et sans mois Paris seroit pris.

I WOULD

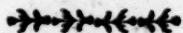
54.

I WOULD write with my first in  
 life of my second, if the Duke of Nor-  
 umberland will grant me the whole.



55.

MY first is equality,  
 My second inferiority,  
 My whole superiority.

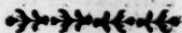


56.

MY first doth affliction denote,  
 which my second is destin'd to feel,  
 My whole is a sweet antidote,  
 at affliction to soothe and to heal.

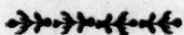
NO

NO rose can boast a brighter hue,  
 Than I can when my birth is new:  
 Of shorter date than is a flower,  
 I bloom and fade within an hour;  
 Tho' some in me their honour place  
 I am a token of disgrace  
 Like Marplot, eager to reveal  
 Those secrets I would fain conceal;  
 Fools, coxcombs, all agree in this,  
 And equally disturb my peace;  
 Tho' 'gainst my will to stoop so low,  
 At their command I come and go.



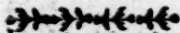
MORE tawdry than the dress of beaux,  
 More fickle than the gale that blows,

More constant than the turtle dove,  
 More beauteous than the girl I love;  
 What brave Byng did to save Mahone,  
 What, ladies, you may call your own.



59.

WHAT is that which is above all human  
 imperfections, and yet shelters and protects  
 the weakest, wickedest, as well as wisest of  
 mankind.

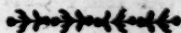


60.

THO' I am small, yet when entire,  
 Enough to set the world on fire;  
 Let but a letter disappear,  
 And I enclose a herd of deer;

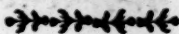
Omit

Omit another and you'll find,  
I once enclos'd all human kind.



## 61.

NEITHER animal, vegetable, nor mineral; neither male nor female, but between both; it is given from two to six feet high it is recorded in the Old Testament, and strongly recommended in the New.

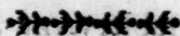


## 62.

MY first is what mankind generally feel my second is liable to my first; without my whole, my first would be intolerable, and my second useless.

63.

MY first if lost is a disgrace,  
 Unless misfortune bear the blame,  
 My second, though it can't replace  
 My dreadful loss, will hide the shame.  
 My whole is gay and debonair,  
 Delights in softness to repose,  
 Oft'times unseen attends the fair,  
 And feeds on honey from the rose.



64.

A FRIEND and an enemy, a blessing  
 and a curse, a beauty and a deformity, it  
 saves life and takes it away, it's long and  
 short, round and square, straight and  
 crooked, smooth and uneven, hard and  
 soft, sometimes most wanted where it is in  
 E the

the greatest plenty, is savory and insipid, sweet and of a bad smell; sometimes able to carry great burthens, and at other times will not bear the weight of a pin; cooks and housewives admire it, husbandmen curse it, merchants use it; it causes famine and plenty; men and beast, fish and fowl, earth and air, experience its influence. It is a remedy for desponding lovers, and can bring them together though a thousand miles distant; it is subservient and overbearing, useful and destructive; it is a mountain and a valley; it has a numerous offspring, though an enemy to children; it is a subject of miracle, a theme for poets, a great improvement to music, of great use in fortifications, and has occasioned some of the finest architecture in the world.



WHAT beauty with a grace can do ;

What when you're dress'd looks well on  
you ;

What Byng might with the French have  
done,

And sav'd brave Blakeney and Mahone ;

What many a wretch who has a wife,

Submits to for a quiet life ;

What ev'ry prudent man would be,

To please the present company ;

What Miss would for a husband give,

On what a parson's horse can live ;

What ladies use for families,

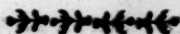
When fingers ache, and head-ache's tease ;

Put these together they'll explain,

What 'tis by all these things I mean.

66.

TWO letters expreffing profufion and  
 wafte,  
 Transpos'd show a county to moft people's  
 tafte.



67.

FOR youth and perfect beauty fam'd,  
 From diftant lands I came,  
 Nor has my country been afham'd  
 To let me bear its name.

When I was youug, and ftrong, and fair,  
 A happy life I led,  
 And with my miftrefs ev'ry night  
 Went constantly to bed.

But

But from the jilt as years advanc'd,

And I grew thin and old,

The usage I did then receive,

You'll scarce believe when told,

With iron pinchers first she seiz'd

Upon my tender frame,

And forc'd me by consuming fires

At length to change my name,

Within a dungeon strait and dark

Unhappy I am thrown,

With villains that have hearts as hard

As any flint or stone,

Nor can I ever hope that they

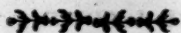
Will pity on me show,

When they do nothing else but give

Each other blow for blow.

A hateful match she did for me  
 Most barb'rously provide,  
 A circumstance I always wish'd  
 For evermore to hide;

Nor would have nam'd, did I not know  
 My fellow pris'ner's spight  
 Was such, that they would never rest  
 Till I was brought to light.



ERECT, delightful to be seen,  
 I stood with youth and beauty crown'd, And  
 Till cruel foes with weapon keen M  
 First threw me prostrate on the ground Of  
 M

There I forlorn and helpless laid,  
 Was rudely trod beneath their feet,  
 In sun-burnt plains to pine and fade,  
 My colour chang'd by parching heat.

Yet this with patience might be borne,  
 Did not it aggravate my woes,  
 To female cruelty and scorn  
 Th' insulting victors me expose.

For I, by women, ah, disgrace!

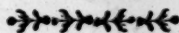
*(Women when bad far worse than men)*

Dragg'd by the teeth from place to place,  
 Oft rais'd, as oft thrown down again.

And to conclude my hist'ry sad,  
 My scatter'd parts were hither sent,  
 Of which a stately pile being made,  
 Myself am my own monument.

Ponder

Ponder this well and look on me;  
And think on man's mortality.



69.

WHEN people are sending their histories  
forth,

'Tis usual to speak of their parents and  
birth;

But I don't judge it proper to speak of my  
mother,

As the cause of my birth was the death of  
another;

In black or in white I must always appear  
As I mourn for a friend who was held very  
dear;

I frequently speak tho' but little I say,  
And I mention your friends tho' silent they  
lay;

by my outward appearance you sometimes  
 would swear;  
 you saw death in my face, or at least very  
 near;  
 but to move this objection I plainly can  
 prove,  
 that the blood thro' my body does vitally  
 move;  
 and I dance with the young and the  
 fair,  
 and sometimes wear di'monds at top of my  
 hair;  
 that I'm going to add, you may think is  
 a lie,  
 but a thing which is in me that's longer  
 than I;  
 my guide and companion, director and  
 friend,  
 that we're closely connected you'll find in  
 the end.

WITH



WITH monks and with hermits I chiefly  
reside,

From camps and from courts I'm at dis-  
tance,

The ladies who ne'er could my presence  
abide,

To banish me lend their assistance.

I once, as a fav'rite poet records,

Was pleas'd with the nightingale's song,

But such is my taste, I quit ladies and lords

To wander with thieves all night long.

Tho' I never do flatter I oft show respect

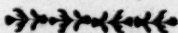
To the prelate, the patriot, and peer,

But sometimes, alas ! a sad proof of neglect

Or a mark of contempt I appear.

y the couch of the sick I am frequently  
found,

And I ever attend on the dead,  
With patient affection I sit on the ground,  
But if talk'd of I'm instantly fled.



71.

Y first is the hue of the invalid state  
Of most raking girls in the nation;  
y second's a vessel, and sometimes a  
weight,

And sometimes the top of the fashion.

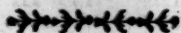
y whole does in colours so striking de-  
scribe

The wives of the age that we live in,  
hat those who are still of the bachelor tribe  
Have reason for daily thanksgiving.

WE

72.

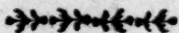
WE are little airy creatures,  
 All of diff'rent voice and features;  
 One of us in glass is set,  
 One of us you'll find in jet,  
 One of us is set in tin,  
 And the fourth a box within;  
 If the last you should pursue,  
 They can never fly from you.



73.

TO various turns and many shifts inur'd  
 A guard to others, but myself immur'd  
 A fair recluse, the busy world I shun,  
 Seldom like you, ye fair, by men undone  
 Inferiors spurn, superiors me oppress,  
 Yet haply deem'd no object of redress;

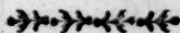
In station mean, dependant I am plac'd,  
 Fretted with hip and ever bound to waist;  
 Like culprit vile with hands behind-me ty'd,  
 And tho' I hold the reins, I never guide;  
 In daylight seldom am I seen by men,  
 Just peep abroad and strait am hid again.



SAFE on a fair one's arm my first may rest,  
 And raise no tumult in a husband's breast:  
 To those who neither run, or walk, or fly,  
 My second does the want of legs supply;  
 My whole's the rival of the fairest toast,  
 And when it's lik'd the best it suffers most,

75.

MY first I hope you are,  
 My second I see you are,  
 My whole I know you are.



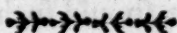
76.

MY first in great cities is oftentimes sold,  
 Sometimes cloath'd in silver and sometimes  
 in gold;

My second's a beast, the terror of men,  
 Who lives in a desert and sleeps in a den;  
 My third is a thing not very uncommon,  
 'Tis something between a horse and a we  
 man.

77.

MY first if you do you'll increase,  
 My second will keep you from heaven,  
 My whole, such is human caprice,  
 Is seldomer taken than given.



78.

F a vowel, a swine, and a sheep you  
 unite,  
 It quickly a thing will reveal,  
 The which tho' the least of its species can  
 bite,  
 Yet it carries its sting in its tail.



I'M neither form, nor substance, but  
found,

Yet tho' unseen give many a mortal wound;  
And when a deep and deadly blow I deal,  
No balm on earth can cure, no art can heal.  
From pole to pole should such a victim fly,  
A gnawing torture in the breast I lie:  
I in the tenderest bosom fix my dart,  
Pointed with anguish and corroding smart;  
And deepest wound, in life's gay sprightly  
spring,

In ripen'd age less fatal is my sting;  
'I uninvited join the courtly throng,  
And boldly bid the statesman hold his  
tongue;

Nay majesty itself, if I command,  
Must for a while in dumb subjection stand;

Whe



When the bleak winds howl in the frozen  
plain,

And nature fetter'd lies in icy chain,  
I flourish most and visit here and there,  
To church a most unwelcome guest repair;  
On the attentive audience often break,  
And often louder than the preacher speak;  
Welcome to none, a teasing painful guest,  
I rob of peace and tear the tender breast;  
On rich balsamic nectar love to feast,  
Such dainty food is suited to my taste;  
By these sweet draughts awhile I'm lull'd  
to sleep,

Then rise with fury like the troubled deep,  
And to be fed again aloud I crave,  
Let in the luscious cup oft meet my grave;  
Sometimes superior to each art I rise,  
Unmov'd by parents tears or lovers sighs;

Aloud I triumph o'er my languid prey,  
And low in dust my meagre victim lay.



80.

MY first is such a substance bright,  
'Tis active both by day and night;  
'Tis here, 'tis there, 'tis ev'ry where,  
The source of grief, of joy, of fear;  
My next, 'tis wonderful to tell you,  
Has rows of teeth within its belly;  
When mov'd, it growls like angry bears,  
Yet makes no discord to the ears,  
When join'd it alters much it's mood,  
And proves subservient to our food.

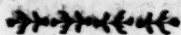
81.

WINE to be fold.\*



82.

WHAT old men do when they are cold,  
Join'd to a thing which hunters use,  
Will name an English poet old,  
Who is the subject of my muse.



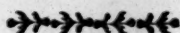
83.

I'M of the same materials made as you,  
Have native ignorance and beauty too ;  
But when I fly for safety to your arms,  
You to a foreigner resign my charms,

\* To be put in rhyme.

He

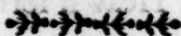
He to defile me thinks it no offence,  
 And rudely robs me of my innocence;  
 With inward rage I burn, but hug the foe,  
 And breath out vengeance wherefo'er I go,  
 Nay while thus lovingly we seem t'agree,  
 I serve him just as Jove did Semele,  
 For ere from me the thoughtless sot retires,  
 By my embrace consum'd he soon expires.



WHEN mortals are involv'd in ill,  
 I sing with mournful voice,  
 If mirth their hearts with gladness fill,  
 I celebrate their joys.  
 And as the lark with warbling throat  
 Ascends upon the wing,  
 So I lift up my cheerful note,  
 And as I mount I sing.

N courts or cottages we may be found,  
 Our skirts with fringe of various dyes are  
 bound,

and as we were by Providence design'd,  
 guard from harm t' a fav'rite apple join'd.  
 We ne'er rove long nor far asunder stray,  
 but meet and pant a thousand times a day;  
 When dark, like loving couples, we unite,  
 and cuddle close together ev'ry night.

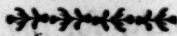


EMBLEM of youth and innocence,  
 With walls enclos'd for my defence,  
 And with no care oppress'd;  
 boldly spread my charms around,  
 Till some rude lover breaks the mound,  
 And takes me to his breast.

Here

Here soon I sicken and decay,  
 My beauty's lost, I'm turn'd away,  
 And thrown upon the street ;  
 Where I despis'd and rolling lie,  
 See no Samaritan pass by,  
 But num'rous insults meet.

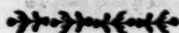
Ladies, contemplate well my fate,  
 Reflect upon my wretched state,  
 Implore th' Almighty's aid ;  
 Lest you (which Heav'n forbid) like me,  
 Should come to want and misery,  
 Be ruin'd and betray'd.



87.

WHO was he that by a kiss,  
 Lost a more substantial bliss ;

Sold his crown for paltry pelf,  
Sneak'd away and hang'd himself.



88.

Bring the lawyer many a fee,  
And Galen's sons I oft befriend,  
The politician blesses me,  
The learned clergy I attend.

Bring at first from flesh and blood,  
And often make you gay or wise,  
Laz'd by the gentle and the good,  
Tho' blockheads do my aid despise.

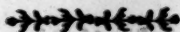
At occasion lovers joy,  
Short, a Proteus quite am I,  
Not to good or ill inclin'd.



[ 60 ]

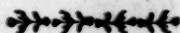
89.

TWO vowels and fifty will name a fish.



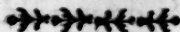
90.

A CONSONANT and what elderly people are, will name a metal.



91.

A CONSONANT and a name for Catharine, will name a fish.



92.

TO conduct, altering the pronunciation will name a metal.

ONT

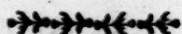
TO

93.

TO the half of a word which for father's  
oft put,

If you join but the Latin for through,  
'Twill discover a thing which though white  
when new made,

Is yet frequently blacken'd by you.



94.

MY first is as white as a fair lady's hand,

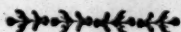
My second's the terror of beasts,

My whole on your table does frequently  
stand,

And attends at your balls, routs and feasts.

95.

A PRONOUN and a fast pace, chan-  
ging a letter, will name a metal.



96.

THO' we of diff'rent sizes are,  
We're formed much the same,  
And tho' nor sense nor life we share,  
We oft your hearts inflame.

Sometimes we make you sob and sigh,  
At others make you glad,  
Sometimes we make the hero cry,  
And turn the parson mad.

Your tears, ye fair, we oft receive,  
And oft your time engage,  
Your vacant hours oft relieve,  
Your passions oft assuage.

OF a brave set of brethren I stand at the  
head,

And to keep them quite warm I cram three  
in a bed;

In prison six of them unfeelingly put,

And three I confine in a mean little hut;

To escape my fell gripe three reside in the  
sky,

And tho' strange it may seem, we have all  
but one eye;

Our shape is as various as wondrous our  
use is,

Of science the source, and the soul of the  
muses,

LET matchless Pindar still invoke the Nine,  
 Whose lofty strains in stately numbers shine:  
 Let laureat bards attune their annual lays,  
 Whose hackney'd odes are stuff'd with partial  
                   praise;

The task is mine, dear ladies, to unfold,  
 What's better far and dearer too than gold;  
 Without my aid the pastor could not preach,  
 Without my aid the tutor could not teach,  
 Without my aid the poet could not write,  
 Without my aid the hero could not fight,  
 Without my aid the plodder could not sow,  
 Without my aid the rustic could not mow,  
 Without my aid the miser could not hoard,  
 The paltry pelf with which his coffer's stor'd.  
 The soldier brave upon the hostile plain  
 For want of me to quell his foes, is slain;

The

The sailor bold, when on the ocean toss'd,  
 For want of me to save his life is lost;  
 The faithful fair one and the love-sick swain  
 Oft wish for me, but when they wish in  
     vain;

For me they murmur, and for me they  
     mourn,

For me they sorrow, and for me they burn,  
 For me they languish, and for me they sigh,  
 For me they sicken, and for me they die:

Part of mankind salute me with respect,

Part of mankind pass by me with neglect;

But mark ! while *those* are recompens'd with  
     gain,

Behold how *these* are punished with pain !

Then, ladies, mind unto these hints attend,

And when you find me treat me as a friend.

KITTY, a fair, but thoughtless maid,  
 Kindled a flame I yet deplore,  
 The love-wink'd boy I call to aid,  
 Of his too near approach afraid,  
 So fatal to my suit before.

At length, propitious to my pray'r,  
 The little urchin came,  
 From earth I saw him mount to air,  
 And straight remove with dext'rous care,  
 The bitter reliques of my flame.

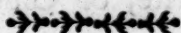
Say, by what title or what name  
 Must I this youth address?  
 Cupid's and his are not the same,  
 Tho' both can raise and quench a flame,  
 I'll kiss you if you guess.



## 100.

WHAT oft'times serves to warm myself,  
 And what secures the miser's pelf;  
 These when connected, will display  
 A thing I've carry'd many a day,  
 My king and country to obey,

}



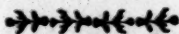
## 101.

I'M blacker than a winter night,  
 Yet bring innumerable deeds to light;  
 The negro is a fairer hue,  
 Yet Celia loves my face to view,  
 And from its lines collects her fortune,  
 Not coffee grains are half so certain;  
 'Tis I that secretly reveal  
 The pains which anxious lovers feel,

And,

And, surer than the doctors, cure  
 The ills which pining maids endure.  
 I'm read in Latin, Hebrew, Greek,  
 And in most tongues which mortals speak;  
 I undertake all kinds of verse,  
 Tragic or comic themes rehearse;  
 I rise to epic, sink to farces,  
 Like Homer write, or Cibber's verses;  
 A greater trav'ler ne'er was known,  
 I visit ev'ry learn'd town;  
 For carrying news all over Europe,  
 Who would excel me has but poor hope,  
 Or good or bad the same to me.  
 I tell it all, yet nothing see;  
 The mole is not so blind as I am,  
 Yet all from London e'en to Siam,  
 To me apply when seeking knowledge,  
 I learning teach in every college;

To set down all I do, or may do,  
Were endless, so I bid adieu.



AM a mute, yet full of eloquence,  
A decent cover to a want of sense;  
The life of music and the soul of spleen,  
The spring of pain and fount of joy unseen;  
A living death who am of nothing made,  
A noon-day's sun wrapt up in thickest  
    shade,  
Yet often call'd to sacred justice aid.  
Wisdom provok'd, when vice and folly vent  
Their nauseous sound, by me denies assent;  
A cloak for guilt, and modesty's pretence,  
The villain's bait for artless innocence;  
Allur'd

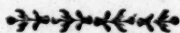
Allured by me the cit suspends his gains,  
 To taste the bliss I spread o'er rural plains;  
 The sage and wit me court and me revere,  
 As th' element and mint of knowledge clear,  
 In which it moves, from whence it springs  
 and shines,

In num'rous ancient and some modern lines;  
 Ev'n stubborn Quakers in assembled swarms  
 Give me the praise of thousand, thousand  
 charms.



IN vain we stretch our thoughts to find  
 Subjects to puzzle human kind,  
 When common objects seem to me,  
 Enigmas past discovery;  
 Within my body, small as 'tis,  
 Lurk many curious mysteries;

Few can my genial atoms trace,  
 Or how I propagate my race,  
 Tho' num'rous beings owe to me  
 Themselves and their posterity;  
 Of diff'rent size and colour too,  
 Cameleon like of ev'ry hue,  
 Brown, speckl'd, yellow, black, or blue;  
 What's yet more strange, can make t'ap-  
     pear,  
 ramble almost ev'ry where;  
 On earth, in air, at random play,  
 And o'er the boundless ocean stray.



BEFORE creation, nature will'd  
 That atoms into form should jar,  
 When the boundless space was fill'd,  
 On me was built the first made star.

For me the faint will break his word,  
 By the proud Atheist I'm rever'd,  
 At me the coward draws his sword,  
 And by the hero I am fear'd.

Scorn'd by the meek and humble mind,  
 Yet often by the vain possess'd,  
 Heard by the deaf, seen by the blind,  
 And to the troubled conscience rest.

Than wisdom's sacred self I'm wiser,  
 And yet by ev'ry blockhead known,  
 I'm freely given by the miser,  
 Kept by the prodigal alone.

As vice deform'd, as virtue fair,  
 The courtier's loss, the patriot's gains,  
 The poet's purse, the coxcomb's care,  
 Read, and you'll have me for your pains.

IN youth exalted, high in air,  
 Or bathing in the waters fair,  
 Nature to form me took delight,  
 And clad my body all in white;  
 My person tall, and slender waift,  
 On either side with fringes grac'd,  
 Till me that tyrant man espied,  
 And dragg'd me from my mother's side;  
 No wonder now I look so thin,  
 The tyrant stripp'd me to the skin;  
 My skin he flay'd, my hair he cropt,  
 At head and foot my body lopt,  
 And then with heart more hard than stone,  
 He pick'd my marrow from the bone;  
 To vex me more he took a freak,  
 To slit my tongue and make me speak,  
 But that which wonderful appears,  
 I speak to eyes and not to ears.

H

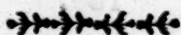
He



He oft employs me in disguise,  
 And makes me tell a thousand lies ;  
 From me no secret he can hide,  
 I see his vanity and pride,  
 And my delight is to expose  
 His follies to his greatest foes;  
 All languages I can command,  
 Yet not a word I understand ;  
 Without my aid the best divine  
 In learning would not know a line ;  
 The lawyer must forget his pleading,  
 The scholar could not shew his reading ;  
 Nay, man, my master, is my slave,  
 I give command to kill or save ;  
 Can grant ten thousand pounds a year,  
 And make a beggar's brat a peer.  
 But while I thus my life relate,  
 I only hasten on my fate ;

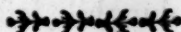
My Of

My tongue is black, my mouth is furr'd,  
 I hardly now can force a word;  
 I die unpity'd and forgot,  
 On some vile dunghill left to rot.



ALL ruling tyrant of the earth,  
 To vilest slaves I own my birth;  
 How is the greatest monarch blest,  
 When in my gaudy livery drest;  
 No haughty nymph has pow'r to run  
 From me, or my embraces shun;  
 Stabb'd to the heart, condemn'd to flame,  
 My constancy is still the same;  
 The fav'rite messenger of Jove,  
 And Lemnio's God consulting strove  
 To make me glorious to the sight  
 Of mortals, and the Gods delight;

Soon would their altar's flame expire,  
If I refus'd to lend my fire.



LET tuneful bards invoke the Nine,  
And thirst for empty praise,  
A humbler task must now be mine,  
A friend demands my lays.

From what I'm sprung I will not say,  
That I must yet conceal,  
But I'll my form and use display,  
Nor more I dare reveal.

My back is bent, yet sometimes straight,  
With teeth of horrid show,  
That would at once, fill with affright  
Whole hundreds of the foe.

For when I range their well-known land,  
 Whole legions great and small,  
 With speed before my ruthless hand  
 In wild confusion fall.

Yet let it not be said, ye fair,  
 That I'm blood-thirsty grown,  
 I am a friend well worth your care,  
 As ev'ry maid will own.

Without my aid you would appear  
 Uncouth and savage too,  
 But, charming nymphs, I greatly fear  
 Too much is said—adieu.

WE are two sisters, search all England  
round,

Such other two, are no where to be found;  
We're mighty fruitful, we can make t'ap-  
pear

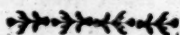
We always breed some hundreds ev'ry year,  
Some fat, some lean, some middle siz'd,  
some tall,

And what surprizes most we nurse them all,  
Tho' we're inanimate ourselves, our brood  
Are rational and all fine flesh and blood;  
They all are linguists, when brought forth  
they speak,

Some Latin, others Hebrew, others Greek  
Some of our offspring saunter Europe round  
And gather ev'ry vice on Christian ground;  
Attend to this, lest you should be beguil'd,  
We never do bring forth a female child;

Tak

Take one hint more, ye fair, and then adieu,  
Our sons oft sigh, nay sometimes die for  
you.



109.

FALLACIOUS first thy stratagems for-  
bear,

No longer vex with empty hopes the fair;  
Vain glorious next, let prudence be thy  
guide,

And lay thy pomps and vanities aside;  
Propitious whole, display thy wish'd-for  
aid,

And out of darkness lighten my charade.

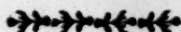
HENCE

## 110.

HENCE, pond'rous first, to where the ar-  
tist's hand

Forms thee with skill and bids thee leave the  
land ;

Hail, lovely second, with too little care  
Thou art instructed by the thoughtless fair ;  
Avaunt my whole, and oh, ye charming fair,  
Ne'er let this monster your affection share.



## 111.

MY first, with rueful hand the rustic swain  
At random strews upon the furrow'd plain ;  
My second, long ere sol's refulgent ray  
Tinging the earth, proclaims the rising day ;  
Stand forth my whole, be all thy plumes  
display'd,  
And to the fair discover my charade.

YE



YE learned fair, when first I got my birth  
 I cannot say, but know I sprung from earth;  
 Soon as I'm form'd (oh, how shall I disclose  
 The dreadfull tale, big with my future woes;)   
 I am compell'd thro' scorching flames to go,  
 Like Shadrach, Meshach, and Abednego;  
 As gold by fire is purged from the dross,  
 It gains new beauty and a brighter gloss,  
 So I, escaping from my curs'd retreat,  
 Appear unspotted 'mongst the poor and  
 great;

But know, alas! and I the truth declare,  
 I'm ne'er permitted to attend the fair,  
 Unless some threat'ning ills destroy their  
 blifs,

Then from the maid I steel a balmy kiss;  
 But as if envious of her fragrant breath,  
 I make it noisome as the house of death;

But,

But lovely nymphs, such is the will of fate,  
 Soon as I breathe I quit my virgin state;  
 As burning *Ætna* and *Vesuvius* roar,  
 And cloud the skies, ere they emit their store  
 So when my breath bedims the face of day,  
 Consuming fires upon my vitals prey,  
 Which in short time thro' my fair body  
                   runs,

And makes me black as *Afric's* sooty sons;  
 Then once again I'm plunged thro' the  
                   flame,

Which for a while restores my former fame,  
 But ah, ye fair, when age makes beauty  
                   fail,

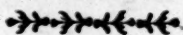
Short is the time that we with art prevail;  
 For like your charms mine quickly will de-  
                   cay,

And soon or late I meet my kindred clay;

Thes

Then, then, ye fair, my worth and splen-  
dor's o'er,

For when I fall, I fall to rise no more.



## 113.

YE charming fair attend my lay,

While I in mystic strains pourtray

My birth and wondrous frame ;

I'm born of man, tho' oft, 'tis said,

make him grin and scratch his head,

Ere I am known to fame.

Yet what's more strange, but one on earth

now allow'd to give me birth,

For which he wears the bays ;

and matchless bards, in days of yore,

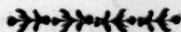
have said, I seldom lived more

Than ten or twenty days.

My

My shape is odd : I'm sometimes long,  
 Sometimes I'm short, and sometimes strong,  
 And sometimes void of strength ;  
 Sometimes with elegance I glow,  
 Sometimes I'm lame and scarce can go  
 On legs of diff'rent length.

Like courtiers I'm to flatt'ry prone,  
 And oft carefs the very throne,  
 And ev'ry year I'm new,  
 And in fresh colours am adorn'd,  
 By wags, like Peter Pindar, scorn'd,  
 Ye lovely fair, adieu.



114.

A LEAN wife roasted, and the ruin of  
 man for sauce.

TWO brothers wisely kept apart,  
 Together ne'er employ'd,  
 Tho' to one purpose we are bent,  
 Each takes a diff'rent side.

To us nor head nor mouth belongs,  
 Yet plain our tongues appear,  
 With them we never speak a word  
 Without them useless are.

In blood and wounds we deal, yet good  
 In temper we are prov'd,  
 From passion we are always free  
 Yet oft with anger mov'd.

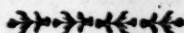
We travel much, yet pris'ners are,  
 And close confin'd to *boot*,  
 Can with the fleetest horse keep pace,  
 Yet always go on foot.

I AM not maim'd, I am not bare,  
 Yet I no shoulders have, or hair,  
 I do not walk tho' legs have I,  
 Tho' I have wings I never fly;  
 My habitation will be found,  
 Not much above nor under ground;  
 I rest alternate with the sun,  
 And rise when he his course has run;  
 By those who love me most distress'd,  
 Cherish'd by those who love me least;  
 Fearful I am too, yet my foes  
 I lead at pleasure by the nose;  
 My brains are few, and yet you'll find,  
 Those few the lot of half mankind:  
 I choose (from noise when I retreat)  
 In Bushy park my country seat;  
 And tho' to town I dread to go,  
 I live, alas! too near Soho.

BEHOLD the Lilliputian throng,  
 Not male or female, old or young,  
 Four inches tall, of slender size,  
 With neither mouth, or nose, or eyes,  
 Who never from each other stray  
 But stand in order night and day,  
 Like soldiers marshall'd in array. }  
 A bloody ensign each doth draw,  
 Yet feats of war they never saw;  
 Their actions gentler passions move,  
 And aid and fan the flames of love,  
 Soften the unrelenting fair,  
 And sooth the pensive statesman's care;  
 Nimble as thought they skip and dance,  
 Yet ne'er retreat nor ne'er advance,  
 Nor order change, like the world's frame,  
 Always unalt'rably the same.



Tho' nimble and to action free,  
 Yet move they never willingly,  
 But in their secret caverns sleep  
 Time without end, nor stir nor peep,  
 Until some heaven-born genius comes  
 To raise them from their sleepy tombs;  
 By pow'r unseen then up they spring,  
 Without the help of leg or wing,  
 They mount, and as they mount they sing. }

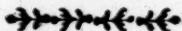


118.

MY first when Frenchmen are learning  
 English serves them to swear by; my se-  
 cond is either hay or corn; my whole was  
 the delight of all, lovers of comedy or  
 tragedy; and will be the admiration of  
 posterity.

MY

MY first at your toilet is seen,  
 My next does the pulpit adorn,  
 In your pocket my whole may be found,  
 And serves both for ev'ning and morn.



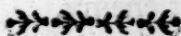
THOSE servants who neglect my first,  
 Deserve to feel my second,  
 Arachne's greatest enemy,  
 My first was ever reckon'd.

The power of those that use my whole  
 Shakespeare has well display'd,  
 They when they ride to take the air,  
 Are by my whole convey'd.

YE bards, whose deep skill all dark myst'ries  
can clear,

Pray attend and discover my name,  
Four brothers I have and the fifth I appear,  
But our age is exactly the same.

Yet I to their stature shall never attain,  
Tho' as fast as them always I grow,  
By nature I'm fixed a dwarf to remain,  
From hence the enigma you'll know,

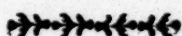


WHAT word is that in the English  
language of one syllable, which by taking  
away the two first letters becomes a word  
of two syllables?

MY

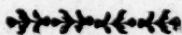
123.

MY first I adore,  
My second I abjure,  
My whole I reverence,



124.

Not  
—— marriage love,  
much



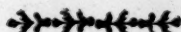
125.

TIMES, times, times,	} love hatred.
Times, times, times,	
Times, times, times,	
Times, times, times,	

MY

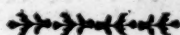
126.

MY first is irrational,  
My second rational,  
My third mechanical,  
My whole scientific.



127.

MY first belongs to me; my second to  
the alphabet; my whole protects the king  
and country.



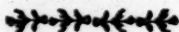
128.

WHAT does a glass-blower make when  
he sets a letter of the alphabet in motion?

WHY

129.

WHY is a Jew like a man who receives  
the toll at a bridge?



130.

COME, fair enigmatists, and kindly hear  
The woful tale that we shall make appear ;  
Of race unnumber'd when we quit the  
womb,

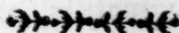
We're quickly hasten'd to a fiery tomb,  
Not hoping resurrection like mankind,  
But to remain in endless dust consign'd.  
In winter, when the sun's prolific ray  
Withholds its force, and darkness dims  
the day,

Then you, ye fair, our influence confess,  
And oft rejoice to see our liveliness ;

But.

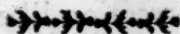
But when in summer nature's gifts all smile,  
 We then are an incumbrance for a while ;  
 Of hue more sable than the darkeſt night,  
 Until ſometimes we have been brought to  
 light ;

Take one hint more, ye fair, and then adieu,  
 Unto the poor we gen'ral ſervice do.



131.

WHY is a man in love like a lobſter ?



132.

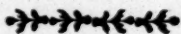
MY firſt is in winter a warmth you deſire,  
 My ſecond is cold to the touch,  
 Both together are cold yet appear all on fire,  
 Which has puzzled philoſophers much.

IF



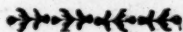
133.

IF I from you obtain a kiss,  
 Which you return again,  
 You by that act with ease express  
 The thing you're to explain.



134.

MY First is an insect, my second a border ;  
 My whole puts the face into tuneful disorder,



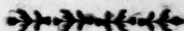
135.

MY first is a principal cause of my last,  
 My whole as a spectre detest ;  
 Alike love and amity shrink from its blast,  
 And peace yields its seat in the breast.

136.

## TO A YOUNG LADY.

WITH my first you deny, though all must  
 allow,  
 That my whole in my last is discover'd in  
 you.



137.

## TO THE SAME.

MAY my first be the epithet fortune shall  
 bear

Whenever she visits or thinks upon you,  
 Inherent in blood will my second appear,  
 And the union of blood gives my whole  
 to the view.

ARISE

ARISE with my first when a journey you  
go,

Use my last if your pad is too sluggish or  
slow;

In the gayest parterre my whole gains a  
place,

And unites varied beauty with richness and  
grace.



A WORD OF THREE SYLLABLES.

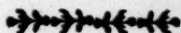
MY first addresses another; my second  
speaks of myself; and my third of com-  
pany; my whole is the harbinger of hot  
weather.

O NAME not my first lest I blush at the  
found,

Yet without it what mortal would wish to  
be found;

My last is a term for the author of evil,

And my whole will dispatch you at once to  
the d——l.



IF you trust ev'ry tongue, my first oft you'll  
meet,

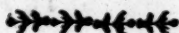
My last talks of war, yet its found is  
thought sweet,

For it lures from their homes village mai-  
dens and swains;

Should you find out my two, take my whole  
for your pains.

142.

A GENIAL warmth to life my first invites,  
 The parent of my last is cold severe ;  
 To ease the throb of pain my whole de-  
 lights,  
 O could it reach the mind, and sooth  
 consuming care!



143.

MY first means provisions, my second yields  
 drink,  
 My whole's a good wish—what is it d'ye  
 think?

---

## ANSWERS.

---

- |                   |                |
|-------------------|----------------|
| 1 A Wafer.        | 14 Eye.        |
| 2 Hay.            | 15 A Clock.    |
| 3 A Wedding Ring. | 16 Pleasure.   |
| 4 Time.           | 17 A Bed.      |
| 5 Heroine.        | 18 A Map.      |
| 6 A Shadow.       | 19 The Heart.  |
| 7 A Stop.         | 20 Ploughing.  |
| 8 Eve.            | 21 A Ship.     |
| 9 Evil.           | 22 A Parrot.   |
| 10 Whist.         | 23 A Ship.     |
| 11 A Cobweb.      | 24 A Daughter. |
| 12 Dice.          | 25 A Shadow.   |
| 13 A Cannon.      | 26 A Mask.     |



27 A Doll.  
 28 An Old Maid.  
 29 The Moon.  
 30 An Afs.  
 31 A Needle:  
 32 Short.  
 33 A Bottle of Ale.  
 34 A Play upon the  
 Words.  
 35 The Church.  
 36 A Tree.  
 37 Jonah in the  
 Whale,  
 38 Bellows.  
 39 Time or Fine,  
 40 Spectacles.  
 41 Figure Eight:  
 42 The Eye.  
 43 Brighthelmstone.  
 44 A Cat.

45 P, O, S, T.  
 46 A Turnstile.  
 47 An Egg.  
 48 A Blacksmith.  
 49 A Thorn:  
 50 A Corkscrew.  
 51 The Letter E.  
 52 Churchwarden.  
 53 The Letter A,  
 54 Pension.  
 55 Matchless.  
 56 Woman:  
 57 A Blush.  
 58 Nothing.  
 59 A Hat,  
 60 A Spark.  
 61 A Kiss.  
 62 Woman:  
 63 Earwig.  
 64 Water.



- |                             |                           |
|-----------------------------|---------------------------|
| 65 Anything.                | 84 A Bell.                |
| 66 X S.                     | 85 Eyelids.               |
| 67 Holland Linen.           | 86 A Rose.                |
| 68 Hay.                     | 87 Judas.                 |
| 69 A Mourning Ring.         | 88 A Pen.                 |
| 70 Silence.                 | 89 Eel.                   |
| 71 Wanton.                  | 90 Gold                   |
| 72 The Vowels.              | 91 Scate.                 |
| 73 An Under petti-<br>coat. | 92 Lead.                  |
| 74 Muffin.                  | 93 Paper.                 |
| 75 Welcome.                 | 94 Candlestick.           |
| 76 Pillion.                 | 95 Iron.                  |
| 77 Advices.                 | 96 Books.                 |
| 78 Epigram.                 | 97 Letter A.              |
| 79 A Cough.                 | 98 Opportunity.           |
| 80 Windmill.                | 99 A Chimney-<br>sweeper. |
| 81 S, O, L, D.              | 100 Firelock.             |
| 82 Shakespeare.             | 101 Ink.                  |
| 83 A Tobacco Pipe.          | 102 Silence.              |

- |   |  |
|---|--|
| 103 An Egg.   | 119 Pincushion.                              |
| 104 Nothing.  | 120 Horfe whip.                              |
| 105 A Pen.  | 121 The little Finger.                       |
| 106 Gold.   | 122 Plague.                                  |
| 107 A Comb.   | 123 Chriltmas.                               |
| 108 The two Uni-<br>versities, Oxford<br>and Cambridge. | 124 Not over much<br>Love after<br>Marriage. |
| 109 Flambeau.   | 125 Many Times Ha-<br>tred follows<br>Love.  |
| 110 Blockhead.  | 126 Horfemanfhip.                            |
| 111 Peacock.  | 127 Army.                                    |
| 112 A Tobacco Pipe.                                     | 128 A Decanter.                              |
| 113 A Birth-day Ode.                                    | 129 Because he keeps<br>the Paffover.        |
| 114 Spare Rib and<br>Apple Sauce.                       | 130 Coals.                                   |
| 115 A Pair of Spurs.                                    | 131 Because he has a<br>Lady in his head.    |
| 116 A Hare.   | 132 A Glow-worm.                             |
| 117 The Hammers of<br>a Harpficord.                     |  |
| 118 Garrick.  |  |

133 Rebus.

134 Anthem.

135 Mistrust.

136 Novice.

137 Kindred.

138 Larkspur.

139 Sirius:

140 Arsenick.

141 Humdrum.

142 Poultice.

143 Farewell.



